THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 6, 1960 . . 25c

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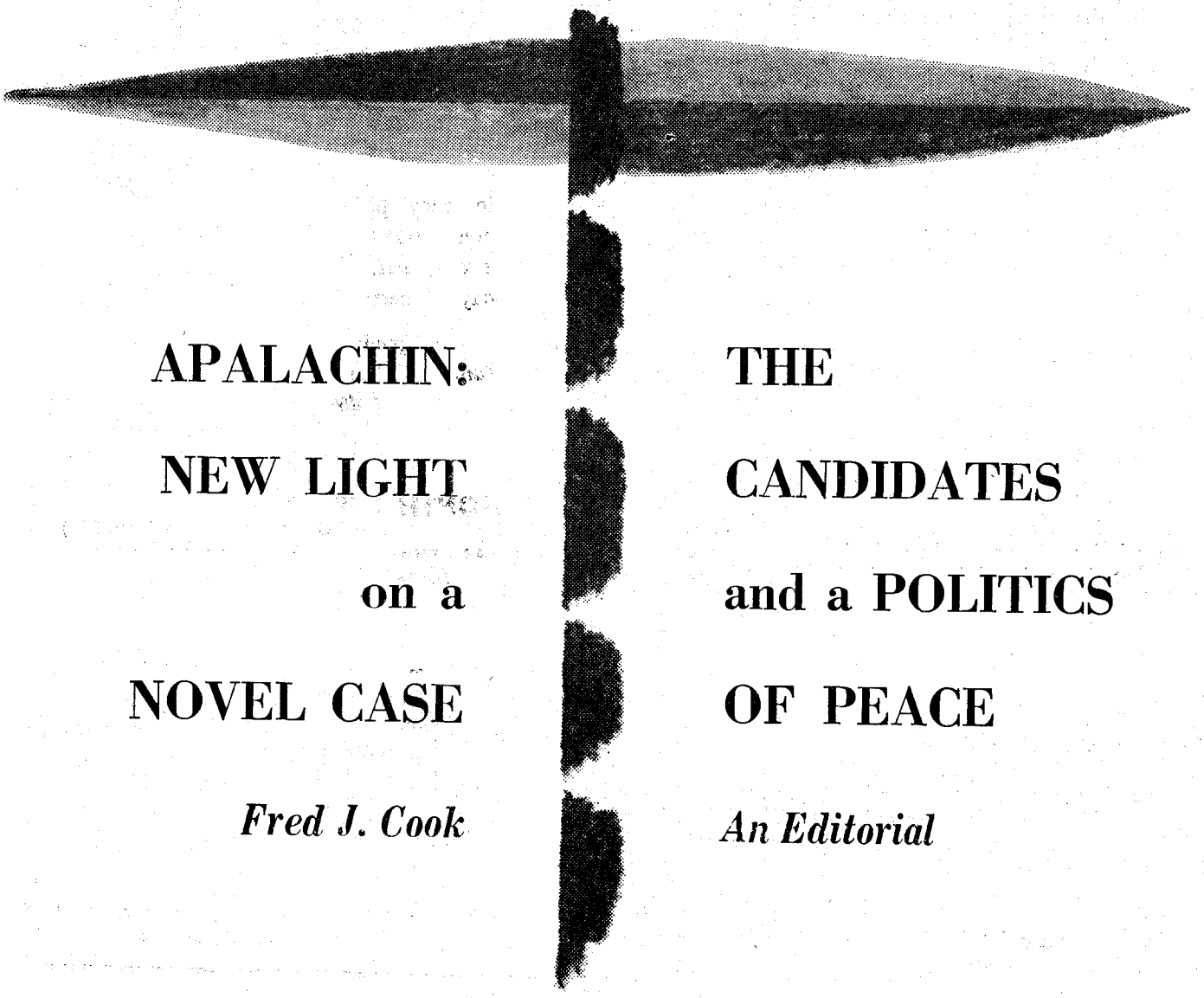
De Gaulle Against the Gangsters

Alexander Werth



APALACHIN: NEW LIGHT on a NOVEL CASE

Fred J. Cook

THE CANDIDATES and a POLITICS OF PEACE

An Editorial

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LETTERS

Drug Costs

Dear Sirs: David L. Cowen's interesting article on "Ethical Drugs and Medical Ethics" in your Dec. 26 issue made its point quite effectively, but it contained at least one error. The author states that the cost of a prescription to the patient can be greatly reduced if the physician uses the generic name of the drug rather than the trade name. This is not correct. If the trade name is used, the pharmacist is bound to dispense that brand; however, if the generic name is used, he is at liberty to dispense any brand he chooses, whether it be the most expensive or the least. There is no way to assure that the least expensive form of the drug be dispensed. In addition, the author makes the assumption that all brands of the same drug are exactly equivalent; this is usually the case, but not always. E. g., many physicians will specify a particular brand of thyroid or ACTH to assure uniformity in these hard-to-standardize products.

DAVID C. STOLINSKY, M.D.

San Francisco, Calif.

While Dr. Stolinsky is technically correct in his argument, most pharmacists find it good business to use the least costly way of filling a prescription accurately. The lower price will certainly please the patient, will likely please the doctor — and still leaves the pharmacist as great, or greater, margin of profit than the use of an expensive "brand" drug. — EDITORS

Dear Sirs: After reading David L. Cowen's article, I sent it to my doctor, with particular reference to the author's point that drugs should be prescribed by their generic names rather than by brand names. I think you will be interested in his comments:

"Everything in the article is quite true. . . . The machinery exists, in the Food and Drug Administration and in the Sherman Act, for the control of many of these abuses, but . . . the FDA cannot begin to carry out its responsibilities on the kind of budget it now has.

"Meanwhile, see the poor 'doctor's dilemma.' His prime responsibility is to his patient. He can in some cases write for a drug safely by its generic name. But he has to recognize, in all honesty, that the quality control maintained by such companies as Lilly, Lederle, and Squibb — out of the most selfish of competitive motives — is far superior to that provided by a hamstrung and discouraged FDA. The A.M.A. for many years, through its Council on Drugs, has taken on a responsibility that the FDA has failed to meet. . . .

"The poor doctor, like all the other little fellows, will go to the polls in November and get the kind of government he votes for."

MARGARET FLINT

New Haven, Conn.

Invidious Frame

Dear Sirs: On rare occasions *The Nation* publishes an article because its concept of freedom of speech seems to compel it to accept material of social protest even though it may be irrelevantly pointed. While "The Boat-Show Circus" (issue of January 16) aptly described one more facet of our gadget and tinsel society, as well as the plight of the little guy in business, the real cry of the article was that "Progress and the emergence of a new leisure class" ("imbeciles") has pre-empted the days when the sport of boating was the sole domain of the wealthy and the gracious.

I may otherwise concur with almost everything that Mr. Whitehill says, but the contrast clearly enunciated in his introduction, and reiterated later with additional remarks, places the entire article in that invidious frame of reference. Many people with a social conscience (and no interest in boats whatever) will resent this approach to a problem.

JAIME GONZALEZ MONROY

North Hollywood, Calif.

Speaks for the Patient

Dear Sirs: We agree with Dr. Pratt, as quoted by Laurence Barrett in his article, "Blue Cross," in the January 9 issue, that "the highest quality care at the lowest cost, is retarded by the attitudes of certain segments of the organized profession."

The American Patients Association, dedicated to fully prepaid health care for all, is urging the necessity for public regulation of fees for physician, dentist, pharmacist, optometrist and hospital.

The A.P.A. intends to speak for the best interests of the American patient, much as the medical associations speak for the best interests of some doctors but not always, unfortunately, for the best interests of the American public. Any of your readers who are sick of the high cost of medicine should get in touch with us at 4610 West Myrtle, Visalia, California.

JOSEPH A. KING
National President

Third Alternative

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* may be interested to know the results of a recent Gallup Poll conducted in Norway, a member of the NATO community, on the issue of Mr. Khrushchev's plan for total disarmament.

While 45 per cent of the representative sample of 2,000 had not heard of the plan, a majority of 55 per cent did have some information about it. Among the latter, 43 per cent believe that Mr.

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The Nation, Feb. 6, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 6

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 6

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Candidates and a Politics of Peace

BENEATH a surface appearance of massive triviality, momentous issues long in the making may yet give shape and content to the 1960 election. Over a period of years, *The Nation* has insisted that "a politics of peace" must emerge as cold-war tensions abated. This is now happening — not because we said it would, but because peace has become the dominant concern of every thoughtful American. Yet it remains the great undebated issue; the candidates resolutely refuse to discuss it unless it is safely encased in quotation marks. The one hope, therefore, of keeping this election from being as carefully rigged as a TV quiz show is to force a discussion of the one issue that matters.

In an effort to disrupt the bipartisan eagerness to keep peace from becoming a major issue, *The Nation* intends from now through November to judge parties, platforms and candidates — and ultimately to indicate its preferences — in terms of this paramount subject. Everyone, of course, is for peace; the problem is to sharpen general awareness of what is implicit in a politics of peace. Keeping the specification as brief as possible, here is what we think peace connotes as an issue.

Disarmament. All the candidates insist that disarmament cannot be pursued as a goal unless we also manage to keep one step ahead of the Russians in the arms race. But the arms race has become much too dangerous to be pursued in the vain twin hopes that (a) we could ever achieve an overwhelming advantage or (b) that once having achieved it, the "enemy" would then obligingly agree to disarm. If war is unthinkable, as it is, then the statement must be taken literally: i.e., nuclear war cannot be thought about.

Production for Peace. In the early phases of the cold war, it was possible to combine a guns-and-butter, a welfare-warfare, economy; that time has now passed. The new weapons are not only much too costly; once they become operational, they are already obsolete and must be replaced by still more expensive ones. We must now be concerned not with "the missile gap" but with the unmet-social-needs-gap which is steadily widening in a period of unparalleled prosperity. This gap will never be closed as long as arms expenditures, with their multiplier effect, constitute from 25 to 33⅓ per cent of the economic activity of the nation. Yet any major reduction in arms expenditures might well be economically disastrous. Every candidate who says he favors disarmament must, therefore, be called upon to specify what he would do to offset its economic consequences.

Cooperation not Coexistence. "Peaceful Coexistence" is not an issue; it is a fact. The two great powers have coexisted, at peace, throughout the postwar period. What is needed is active cooperation between them to maintain world peace throughout the 1960s; they have the power, and the objective is in their mutual interest.

World Community. Implicit in a politics of peace is the clear recognition of the need to evolve a set of institutions adequate to cope with the problems of the world community that is rapidly emerging in response to pressures which are steadily accelerating. This implies support for the U.N., which has served the cause of peace well throughout the postwar years, and for its specialized agencies. It implies economic aid to underdeveloped areas, intelligent trade policies, cultural exchange programs, etc. It implies, too, that American power, resources and influence should be channeled as much as possible through the U.N. and other international agencies.

THE 1960s will require an exceptional measure of candor, courage, integrity and foresight on the part of whoever occupies the White House. At hand are certain "litmus" issues, closely related to peace, which might be used to test candidates for these qualities.

China. The question is not what to do about China; sooner or later, China will be recognized by Washington and seated in the U.N. Rather the question is: who among the candidates has the courage to say what every one knows? Only the other day Secretary of State Herter conceded that China would eventually have to be made a party to any arms-reduction agreement. Yet the candidates of both parties resolutely continue to pretend that we will never, but never, recognize Peking.

Civil Rights. If China is a test of candor, civil rights is a test of honesty. In principle, of course, the case for civil rights is conceded in varying measure by all the candidates; but the fact is that both parties have played shameful political football with the issue since 1948. Politically and morally, both are equally to blame. *The*

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Nation is not pushing any particular civil-rights package; we merely insist that the next President, if he is an honest and determined man, can easily put a stop to the familiar biennial bipartisan posturing about civil rights which is about as honest, and as endearing, as professional wrestling.

Civil Liberties. All the candidates have avowed, or will avow, their willingness to die in defense of the Bill of Rights, but none of them favors abolition of the two Congressional committees that have placed the guarantees of the First Amendment in jeopardy. Yet if candidates were tested on the score of political courage, this would be an infallible touchstone. The facts are not in serious dispute. The record abundantly demonstrates that the undeclared purpose of the two inquisitorial committees — the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security Committee — is to inhibit criticism, stifle dissent, curtail debate; in brief, to establish a kind of "guided democracy" in the totalitarian pattern. Debate on the question would give the national electorate a chance to indicate whether it approves of informal abrogation of First Amendment guarantees by Congressional committees. But here, too, a tacit bipartisan accord has marked the issue off-bounds, so that the candidates will not have to take a stand on it. Only the other day a new appropriation was sneaked through the House for the Un-American Activities Committee as an "emergency measure." Such measures require "unanimous consent" — that is, approval by the leaders of both parties — yet passage was secured without debate, without even a roll-call.

Automation: No issue will provide a better test of foresight, of the capacity to grapple with the tough social issues of the 1960s, than the set of problems usually discussed under the heading of automation.

THE CANDIDATES, of course, will hotly debate their marginal differences on a host of minor issues. But campaigns usually turn on a single dominant issue. The tacticians of both parties know this, and each party has selected its favorite. For the Republicans, it will be "peace" and prosperity. For the Democrats, it will be Richard M. Nixon — or so it now appears. At the recent $100-a-plate "Presidential Campaign" kick-off dinner in Washington, the assembled party leaders were delighted to discover that the Nixon issue unites every faction of the party. Dixiecrats and liberals, city bosses and campus eggheads, union leaders and union busters, old Democrats and new, pounded tables, slapped backs and yelled in ecstasy as first one hopeful and then another took pot shots at the Vice President. Politicians always prefer to substitute targets for issues; it is easier, there is less risk. Given divisions as deep and numerous as those within the Democratic Party today, it is only natural that its leaders should be eager to sublimate their differences under some such slogan as "Nix on Nix-on."

But the decision may boomerang. At intervals, history has a way of inundating politicians, of sweeping them down and under, of making matchwood of their stale rites and formulas. It happened a century ago; it could happen this year. The big floods in politics — when torrents of new forces and ideas sweep aside the old entrenched positions — usually come when the people have moved far in advance of the politicians, when "new politics" are pushing to the surface, when the parties have become virtually indistinguishable on basic issues. If we are not yet in such a period, we are close upon it. It is precisely the fact that a new politics is struggling to find expression that accounts for the sterility of the debate thus far. Candidates are trying desperately to excite voters with yesterday's issues. But the voters refuse to respond; they are "apathetic." Before most politicians will shift from old politics to new, the salability of the new must be demonstrated in a fairly conclusive fashion. In the meantime, the candidates instinctively seek insurance against the risk of new issues by tacitly agreeing not to discuss them.

The issue, we repeat, is peace. Vice President Nixon is not the issue. The Presidency is not the issue. Jimmy Hoffa is not the issue. Separation of church and state is not the issue. The candidates' ages, respective oratorical styles, how they comb their hair, whether they are Catholic, Protestant or Quaker, whether their wives are charming or their children adorable, whether they are millionaires or paupers, "charming" or "reserved," "warm" or "chilly," Ivy League or Bush League, matters little to us. The central issue is peace and it is on this issue that we intend to judge them.

The Vice President intends to "glide" into the Presidency by appearing to be, whether he is or not, the logical person to carry on President Eisenhower's initiative in seeking an end to the cold war. To the extent that the Democrats succeed in making Nixon their one big issue, they will simply insure his self-asserted title to the one big issue that counts. They cannot assume that all those who dislike the Vice President, or distrust him, will therefore feel compelled to vote against him. The circumstance that Mr. Nixon turns out to be the Republican nominee, for example, does not necessarily imply that liberal Democrats and independent voters will support anybody the Democrats name to oppose him.

As long as Mr. Nixon's claim to possession of the one major issue is not challenged in the only way the Democrats can challenge it successfully, namely, by entering a rival claim, he will retain the advantage. If the Democrats are determined to wage the 1960 campaign as Cold Warriors United Against Nixon, the responsibility will be theirs if he should become the next President of the United States.

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A Gleam of Sanity

According to accepted statistics, there are 17 million mentally ill persons in the United States; when one observes the annual hysteria over the nation's defenses as the Congress prepares to dole out the billions to the contending services, one wonders that there are not more. This year, however, there appears to be a resolute effort on the part of the Administration to allay the public's fears. Of course this is also a bid for the public's votes, but the results so far have been favorable, not only for the Republicans, but for the nation.

The new Secretary of Defense, Thomas S. Gates, Jr., who has had considerably more experience in the department than his predecessors, is partly responsible for a new approach which makes more sense than the old one. That was to equate the other side's intentions with its capabilities, despite all evidence that the two did not coincide. In addition, it was the practice to equate the other side's capabilities with our own, even when our own had been demonstrated and theirs were only hypothetical. Thus when Stuart Symington, the greatest exponent of air power since Billy Mitchell, was Secretary of the Air Force, he sent American bombers halfway around the world and almost to the borders of the Soviet Union. He then called attention to these flights as signifying the peril, not of the Soviet Union, but of the United States. The Soviets kept their bombers at home, but this in no way weakened the force of the Secretary's argument in the minds of true patriots.

The new look in defense is based in part on estimates of enemy intentions — an evaluation of what they appear to be trying to do — as well as on estimates of their capabilities. This is what every sane person does all the time. If, in our daily lives, we always looked for the worst, we should be as incapable of survival as are those who always look for the best. Life calls for a kind of relaxed vigilance. One does not walk in the park at night, but one does not shrink from every pedestrian as a potential mugger. It may be objected that this is too cavalier an attitude in such a grave matter as the national defense. But any other attitude is paranoid, whether in the individual or the nation. The Soviets have not attempted to take advantage of their present superiority in rockets. Can it be that their intentions are no more aggressive than ours? The thought is almost treasonable: we have been taught so long that only we are the pure in heart and our opponents are murderers by original nature. Yet it is a sensible hypothesis and if the Administration is inclined to test it, the risks are probably less than if we continue to cry havoc every year at appropriation time. "The only way we can deal with this fellow," said General Nathan F. Twining before the House Defense Appropriations Committee, "is not to tell him how deficient we are today; we are prone to do this at times, because it gets us more money. It is the democratic system and I am not bucking it, but I think it is very dangerous." He felt it necessary to apologize for talking sense, yet somehow the words came out.

The Rogers Smoke Screen

Attorney General Rogers' belated attempt to get his dear friend Vice President Nixon off the spot on civil-rights legislation just won't work; as Mark Twain might have said, it is a bit too palpable. Ostensibly Mr. Rogers' proposal for court-appointed referees would go beyond the Civil Rights Commission's federal registrar proposal in that it would apply to state as well as federal elections. But courts are much less likely instrumentalities for enforcing the right to vote than the type of commission which would be established under the registrar proposal. Mr. Rogers' referees would — please note — be appointed and supervised by Southern federal judges. The registrar plan, restricted to federal elections, is constitutionally unassailable; the referee proposal invites litigation.

But it is the timing of Mr. Rogers' scheme that is the real giveaway. Here is the President's Attorney General, at the last minute, attempting to set aside by substitution a proposal submitted to the President as long ago as September 8 by his own Civil Rights Commission. New hearings would be required on the Rogers plan (which means more delay); and, eventually, the proposal would land in the Rules Committee — where other civil-rights legislation now reposes.

The political motivation of Mr. Rogers' action is crystal clear. Recently the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* boasted of the fact that the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition had gone into action on forty roll-calls in the Senate in the first session of the 86th Congress and had won twenty-six of them; of eleven in the House, it had won ten. The over-all percentage of victory was 71. Naturally the Republicans must now pay off to the Dixiecrats on the one issue that matters to them: civil rights.

It is idle to blame the President for this; he has never been a partisan of civil-rights legislation. Nor is Mr. Halleck a worthy target; he is just a party hack. The man responsible is the leader of the Republican Party — Vice President Nixon. A petition to discharge pending civil-rights legislation now bottled up in the Rules Committee would require 219 signatures; 188, including only thirty-two Republican names, have been secured to date. By snapping his fingers Mr. Nixon could get the additional needed signatures. The same result could be secured if the Republicans on the Rules Committee would cooperate with the Northern Democrats in forcing the chairman to call a meeting.

Any way you look at it, the Republicans are squarely

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responsible and Mr. Rogers' smoke screen will not help them. Send your wires and letters, therefore, to Vice President Nixon.

The Well-Sited Platforms

Waldo Drake of the Los Angeles *Times* European Bureau has come up with a piece of cold-war strategy which is by no means new, but is expressed with refreshing bluntness. Mr. Drake sets out with the depressing observation that in 1959 the American people spent $46,318,000,000 "in defense of their freedom" and in all probability will continue to spend that much, or more, year after year. And about all they are getting for it, he points out, is the ICBM strategic deterrent, "which is useless except for the nuclear holocaust." But there is a less doleful solution. "Standing in readiness along the Iron Curtain, from the Alps to the Baltic, the *Bundeswehr* might provide a more effective deterrent than American bombers and ICBMs, 5,000 miles from their targets." And on the Soviet Union's other flank, Japan offers a similar "well-sited platform to support America's defenses in the Atlantic and the Pacific." Japan, of course, is far from ready for another Hiroshima or Nagasaki, and a nation-wide poll conducted by the *Asahi Shimbun* resulted in a vote of 35 per cent for outright neutralism, while 24 per cent wished to rely on the United Nations for security and only 14 per cent expressed a desire for American protection.

But if Japanese sentiment remains relatively pacific, another platform is available in this vicinity: the island of Okinawa, occupied by the United States and with American military facilities worth about a billion dollars. Mr. Drake does not mention Okinawa, but it is a stout platform just the same, within comfortable IRBM range of a good chunk of Siberia and eastern China and, equipped with ICBM launching facilities, capable of reaching any desired target in the enemy heartland. No IRBMs or ICBMs are emplaced there now, but it doesn't take too long to build them and — perhaps a significant omission — Okinawa is not mentioned in the recently concluded treaty between Japan and the United States.

History, it is said, repeats itself for those incapable of learning its lessons. It may be assumed that the Russians, having lost at least twenty million of their citizens in World War II, did learn something. In that war the Axis had a plan strikingly similar to the one proposed by Mr. Drake, and probably under study in much higher circles. It too involved the East-West pincers; all it lacked were the rockets with nuclear warheads. From a Soviet standpoint, the rockets are scarcely an improvement. The Russians could not be charged with undue sensitivity if they suspected that preparations are being made to repeat history, again at their expense. When they are told that the "safety of the West depends upon preservation of two nuclear-deterrent platforms, in Germany and Japan, on either flank of the Russo-Chinese Marxist bloc," they may wonder what *their* safety depends on, and what assurance *they* have that the platforms will be used only to repel aggression. A Russian, precisely like an American, feels uncomfortable looking down the barrel of a gun; some nasty ideas may enter his head.

The Atomic Sewer

The waste materials from atomic plants present difficulties which seem to baffle the Atomic Energy Commission and lesser brains. One of the most baffled is "Old Bob" Boswell, a respectable junkman of Long Beach, California. In strict accordance with the tenets of the free enterprise system, Mr. Boswell contracted with the commission to dispose of 2,800 barrels of radioactive waste by loading the barrels on barges, towing the barges 185 miles out to sea, and dumping them. The barrels began arriving at Mr. Boswell's junk emporium and when almost 1,000 were on hand, he applied to the Long Beach City Council for a permit to convey them to the harbor for loading. The Councilmen were horrified and ordered Mr. Boswell to get out of the business of disposing of atomic wastes in their peaceful and salubrious metropolis, and to get rid of the wastes already on hand. Mr. Boswell tried to comply with the orders of the civic fathers, but found his warehouse ringed with patrolmen. The police maintained that Mr. Boswell was operating a junk business without a license and in preventing him from moving the barrels they were merely doing their duty.

Mr. Boswell complained that he was losing $2,600 a day. The Atomic Energy Commission flew down experts from San Francisco with Geiger counters. The experts certified that the barrels agitated the counters hardly more than a wrist watch with a radium dial. The wheels of bureaucracy ground slowly, while the free-enterpriser junkman staved off rapidly approaching bankruptcy. Finally he received permission from the Long Beach City Council and the Atomic Energy Commission to load the barrels onto barges waiting in Los Angeles Harbor. But his troubles were not at an end. After about 1,000 barrels had been loaded, the port warden of Los Angeles, Admiral Frank Higbee, called out the Coast Guard and stopped the loading. It appeared that the Admiral had not been consulted, he was no minion of either the Long Beach City Council or the Atomic Energy Commission, and he had no assurance that the barges were seaworthy. As *The Nation* went to press, this is where the matter stood. A possible solution might be to send Mr. Boswell to the Soviet Union as an exchange student. They have atomic wastes, too, and Mr. Boswell is probably in a mood to study their disposal methods.

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De Gaulle Against the Gangsters . . *by Alexander Werth*

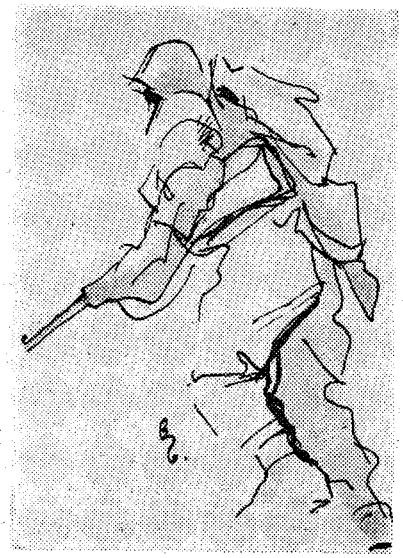
Paris, January 28

IN MAY, 1958, the *ultras* of Algiers, with the full support of the Army, overthrew the Fourth Republic and installed General de Gaulle as head of the Government. Twenty months later—on Sunday, January 24, 1960—the same *ultras* rebelled against de Gaulle. The President of the Fifth Republic expected the Army to crush the rebellion, and the Army refused to do anything. Today a part of central Algiers is occupied by the "insurgents"; this part of Algiers is "encircled" by the Army, and relations remain courteous and cordial between the men on the two sides of the barricades erected that Sunday. Food, drink and munitions are being supplied to the "insurgents" from outside, without the Army interfering. The fact that, on Jan. 24, the "insurgents" opened fire on a number of gendarmes who were trying to control a "spontaneous" street demonstration demanding that de Gaulle be hanged, and killed eleven of them (in the shooting that followed some twenty-five people were killed and 150 wounded), has now been conveniently forgotten by both sides. The fraternization between the Army and the insurgents and the exchange of cigarettes and glasses of red wine across the barricades are positively idyllic.

On May 13, 1958, things were differently organized; the guards protecting the Government-General building were not fired at by the rioters and, on mysterious orders from somewhere, they discreetly withdrew, and the building was promptly occupied by the "insurgents"; General Massu's paratroopers then took over, drove the "insurgents" out of the building, and General Massu proclaimed himself the president of a newly formed Committee of Public Safety, whose members—let us recall—included two gentlemen called Lagaillarde (who had organized the storming of the building) and a certain Orthiz, a café proprietor who had been mixed up in the famous "bazooka affair"—the purpose of which was to assassinate the "unduly soft" Commander-in-Chief General Salan—and who spent a good deal of his time at the Villa des Sources, where Algerian and other suspects were being tortured. To make things easier for themselves—and to gain a great deal of support in metropolitan France—Massu, Orthiz, Lagaillarde and the rest of them hastened to proclaim that they were good French patriots, and that they wanted a Government of Public Safety set up in France—under the chairmanship of that great man, General Charles de Gaulle. If not, paratroopers would land in Paris, and a military dictatorship would be set up. Scared of civil war, France hastened to agree to the de Gaulle solution as a lesser evil.

It was as simple as that. No sooner had de Gaulle been invested with practically unlimited powers by the National Assembly in June, 1958, than he went to Algiers and there, in the midst of cries of victory from the Algiers populace, he began a historical speech with the words *"Je vous ai compris"* ("I have understood you").

THE EXPERIENCE of the last twenty months, culminating in the second Algiers *putsch*, shows that de Gaulle made a terrifying mistake when he thought he had "understood" Algiers: he had *not* understood it. Perhaps he had understood the *ultras;* he seemed to know from the start that they were a bunch of thugs and maniacs while many, like Lagaillarde and Orthiz, belonged to the Algiers criminal fringe. During his numerous visits to Algeria, he treated them with unvarying contempt and disdain, usually refusing to see them and, once or twice, telling them just what he thought of them: he was clearly against the Committees of Public Safety, which he regarded as self-appointed bodies claiming to enjoy some kind of authority independent of the central Government in Paris. In fact, he did not bother about the Committees of Public Safety—they were beneath contempt. But he *did nothing about them.* What he *was* interested in was the Army.



AND THE tragedy is that he had not understood the Army either. He imagined that, by and large, it had gone "Gaullist." He often went to Algeria; he dined with generals, colonels and captains. There were certain elements in the Army whom he disliked and distrusted—the "psychological action" men, for instance, like Colonels Goussault and Lacheroy, who had come back from Indo-China with all kinds of phony ideas about "totalitarianizing" not only Algeria, but ultimately also France. So he purged these men, and some others who had been much too closely associated with the May 13, 1958, *putsch.* He is said to have removed some 1,400 such officers from Algeria. Salan, who had played a curious double game of his own, fraternizing half the time with the Committee of Public Safety thugs and half the time assuring de Gaulle of his undying loyalty, was also finally kicked upstairs in December, 1958. In short, de Gaulle mistakenly imagined that he now had the Army in hand.

After a long lull that lasted nearly nine months, de Gaulle—whose prestige was still very great in France—decided that the time had come (and for this there were international, financial and plain common-sense reasons) to make another

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decisive step towards a settlement of the Algerian problem. And so, on September 16, came his famous "self-determination" proposal. No doubt, it was full of ambiguities; it provided for very long delays; it declared in effect that, whatever the vote was, and even if it meant the partition of Algeria, France would still keep the oil-producing areas and the access to them. But despite its ambiguities and obscurities, French opinion as a whole welcomed the plan as a step in the right direction. It was known that it had been discussed with President Eisenhower, and had met with his full approval.

This in itself was enough to make the whole thing highly suspect in the eyes of "Algiers" which, it will be remembered, had rebelled in May, 1958, very largely as a result of the screaming that had gone on for weeks over Mr. Eisenhower's Murphy mission, and the warning given by Lacoste—then "Socialist" Minister of Algeria—that, with the aid of the United States, a "diplomatic Dien Bienphu" was being prepared.

De Gaulle's "self-determination" plan started a new smoldering process in Algeria, and particularly in Algiers. The professional soldiers got nervous. They have a vested interest in *their* war; whole it lasts, these officers are important; they receive high pay, and they can act as the mightiest of all pressure groups in Paris. As *les Echos* wrote the other day: *"There is only one powerful political party in France, and that is the Army."*

THE ARMY was dissatisfied with de Gaulle's plan. The *ultras* were furious. Ostensibly to fight Algerian terrorism, they proceeded to form armed paramilitary units called "patriotic militia"; in October, the notorious Orthiz started a new organization (in addition to a variety of other Fascist and semi-Fascist organizations) called F.N.F. (*Front National Français*), closely associated with a phony Fascist organization in France called *Jeune Nation*, distinguished chiefly for noisy, anti-Semitic *and anti-de Gaulle* propaganda, usually taking the form of thousands of wall scribblings such as "De Gaulle-Mendès-France." The scribbles were acompanied by the *Jeune Nation* symbol, the Celtic cross—a cross with a circle round it, something very like Hitler's swastika.

Now, it has been known in Paris for some time that something was brewing in Algiers. M. Pinay, the Minister of Finance, quarreled with de Gaulle, ostensibly for personal and financial reasons; he did not resign from the Cabinet, he was fired by de Gaulle. In a rather defiant farewell speech to the press, the retiring Minister declared that he wasn't saying *adieu*, merely *au revoir*. Was Pinay, the Little Man, the hero of a part of Big Business, of the *Bourse* and of the shopkeepers of France, the man of stable prices and of the New Franc, who had already, in 1952, busted up de Gaulle's R.P.F. (Rally of the French People), now challenging the authority of the Great Man? There was another card he was playing: he now posed as the man of the American Alliance, of NATO, of Europe. It was said that he was acting with the encouragement of Mr. Dillon of the State Department and of General Noris Norstad of NATO, both of whom were sick and tired of de Gaulle's "independence" and *grandeur française* game, and worried about his coming *tête-à-tête* with Khrushchev.

What tricky game was de Gaulle playing in the international field? Not Pinay himself, but the official organ of the conservative "Independents" was now violently attacking de Gaulle for being not only a bad ally of America's, but also for being a "bad republican." The Great Man was charged with being a "monarchist," a "Louis XIV" who believed in the principle of *L'Etat, c'est Moi*. Coming from an Algiers diehard like Duchet and a bunch of other old Vichyites, the whole thing was rather comic and yet—. There was something behind all this. Pinay was not an Algerian diehard; on the contrary, as Minister of Finance, he was in favor of saving money on Algeria. But now that he was no longer responsible for the Treasury, he made peace with Duchet.

And then, a few days after the Pinay bombshell, came the Massu bombshell. The firing of Pinay had already weakened de Gaulle; the shopkeepers were sorry to see Pinay go; there was even talk of de Gaulle now starting a quasi-Socialist, *étatiste* economic policy.

Despite ambiguous—very ambiguous—denials, nobody doubted for a second that what Herr Kempski of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* published in his paper was exactly what Massu had said at Algiers: namely, that he wholly disagreed with the de Gaulle Algerian policy and that under no circumstances would the French Army quit Algeria. De Gaulle believed the denials no more than anybody else; and that was why, without further ado, he fired Massu.

What was even more serious than the publication of the Massu statement was Kempski's postscript, written from Tunis, which made it clear *that General Challe, the French Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, had arranged the interview with Massu; that Challe had encouraged Massu to say what he did say; and that Challe himself had become an* ultra *under the influence of the Algiers "climate."*

AND then on Sunday, January 24, three days after the firing of Massu, came the Algiers riots. These were no longer conducted "under the banner of de Gaulle"; they were directed against de Gaulle. For months, Algiers had been flooded with anti-de Gaulle leaflets.

After a day of consultation, de Gaulle's reaction on Monday night was the most obvious one: the Army must immediately mop up this "center of resistance." To quote *Paris-Presse:*

> Last night General de Gaulle impressed upon the Council of Ministers his determination to go the whole hog.
>
> He felt both humiliated at having been double-crossed and disappointed at having to play the role of "divider," rather than "assembler." But he decided that the "Algiers redoubt" must be wiped out. Yet, though firm, he was also deeply pessimistic. "If the French," he said, "want a dictatorship, they can have it. But the only way of preventing this is to nip the Algiers rebellion in the bud. To negotiate with the insurgents is merely to ask for more trouble a fortnight hence. It will also ruin every chance of a French solution to the Algerian problem."

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The paper also reported that de Gaulle considered the possibility of Algeria's seceding from France altogether. The Government was sharply divided; Malraux advocated the strong stand; others (M. Soustelle among them) were against any attempt to apply armed force to the Algiers "redoubt." They argued that, according to Challe, the commanders of the various army units had said that while their troops would not allow the insurgents to extend their area, *they were very unlikely to obey if ordered to fire at them.*

THAT WAS why de Gaulle ordered Premier Debré to go on a lightning visit to Algiers on Monday night to appraise the situation. He arrived there in the middle of the night, making sure that he would not be seen by the Algiers crowds who probably would have lynched him; he conferred with Delouvrier and Challe, and returned with the conclusion that the Army had decided to remain "neutral" in the conflict.

What can General de Gaulle do now? French opinion is, in the main, behind the President. But the fact remains that the Army in Algeria has clearly rebelled against him. Where does the Army stationed in France stand? Where do the police stand? In May, 1958, both were on the side of "Algiers."

France is in no mood for a Fascist revolution which Orthiz, Lagaillarde and a large part of the French Army in Algeria would like to start here. Life has been comfortable under de Gaulle. But today de Gaulle is beginning to look more and more like Coty in May, 1958, and Debré like the luckless M. Pflimlin.

And one cannot help recalling the words de Gaulle once uttered, back in 1953, in a moment of deep discouragement:

> Think of how very many failures have marked my public life! . . . If these failures had been mine, they would have been of no importance. But they were also the failures of France. . . .

Is what is happening now going to prove the last and supreme failure of de Gaulle? He is a man who easily gives way to discouragement. But one hopes he will remember that, not so long ago, 80 per cent of the people of France voted for him; that perhaps as many—or more—would vote for him again if they believed in his authority. But what if de Gaulle has lost faith in his own authority? Or what if, as is whispered, he is already thinking of a successor?

At this writing, on the eve of an expected public statement by de Gaulle, everything seems inextricably tangled. Algiers, which overthrew the Fourth Republic, is threatening to overthrow the Fifth. Will de Gaulle be able to assert his authority, or will he surrender to the gangsters? For Orthiz and Lagaillarde are both gangsters, and the terrifying thing is that Algiers and a large part of the Army should be in sympathy with them.

And if de Gaulle surrenders to the gangsters, what kind of figure will he cut at his meeting with Khrushchev, or at the Summit Conference in May?

APALACHIN: New Light on a Novel Case . . *Fred J. Cook*

Many important facts hitherto not generally known about the Apalachin case are disclosed in the following account of what was undoubtedly the top crime story of 1959. The genesis of the article is itself of interest. In an editorial in our January 2 issue, we stated our belief that the case could set a disturbing precedent from the point of view of civil liberties. This prompted Milton R. Wessel, chief prosecutor at the trial, to offer us certain background material which he hoped would clarify the complex issues involved. The result is this article, written by a top-notch reporter whose qualifications are well known to *Nation* readers.

Among other things, there is revealed here the actions of a truly conscientious prosecutor seeking a conviction on the facts, and not on appeals to prejudice or emotion. But however much credit Mr. Wessel is entitled to on this account, we find nothing in the new material to warrant a change in our editorial opinion. We still think the Apalachin case sets a dangerous precedent.—EDITORS.

ON DEC. 18, 1959, twenty gangland figures were convicted of participating in a Mafia conspiracy at the town of Apalachin in upper New York State. The Mafia is the secret terroristic society of Sicilian origin that has become a vital cog in the American underworld, and to convict just one of its members has always been considered an extraordinary triumph of the law; to bag twenty at one sitting is an accomplishment for which, quite literally, there is no precedent.

Yet the verdict drew no universal cheers. It was received, on the contrary, almost with apathy by press and public; and from civil libertarians it met with criticism on the ground that it might establish a dangerous precedent leading to a further invasion and weakening of individual rights. More important—and generally unrecognized—was one ironical fact: the conviction of the Apalachin twenty, a novel achievement that could have charted a new pattern in law enforcement, is not likely to be repeated, as things stand, because the federal government, even before the victory, had scuttled the means by which it was achieved.

The Apalachin conspiracy trial was the crowning achievement of a unique task force created on April 10, 1958, by U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers to concentrate on the problem of top-level crime. The task force lived as a unit for barely one year. In April, 1959—before the Apalachin trial began—it was ordered broken up and its personnel folded back into the various sprawling bu-

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reaus and local offices of the Department of Justice. Only the boss of the special unit, Milton R. Wessel, and his immediate staff stayed on the job to prosecute the conspiracy case; and with their victory just a week before Christmas, the last vestige of the special unit simply curled up and died. Mr. Wessel himself resigned about a fortnight ago. (Details of the dissolution of the special task force were described by Ronald May in *The Nation*, June 27, 1959, in an article entitled "Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops.")

THE EXTINCTION of the Wessel squad, especially in the afterglow of Apalachin, is an issue of public moment that might well inspire at least a look by Congressional committees. Such a Congressional probe almost certainly would reveal that Apalachin was only a first-act victory, and that other equally vital prosecutions—some of them actually started by Wessel and his aides—remain to be fought to conclusion. For example:

¶New York City residents, already intrigued by the charges of Representative Adam Clayton Powell (Dem., N.Y.) that police have harassed small-time Negro policy operators in Harlem and ignored the white big shots of the racket, might be interested in the picture of the big city's policy racket developed by some of Wessel's former investigating crew in a six-month probe. The picture showed a well-organized syndicate operation involving bets estimated at some $500 million in just 100 working days—a possible over-all total, if projected on an annual basis, of some $1.5 billion. So dominated from the top is the racket that policy operators work on a commission basis. When they run afoul of the law, lawyers and bondsmen—men often personally unknown to them—automatically pop up in court and put up the bond or pay the fine. The key links in the chain appear to be the legal mouthpieces, who alone have contact with both the underlings and the higher-ups. The real masterminds, the probe showed, control the racket from safe retreats in Florida and Nevada. Prosecution of this colossal ring, with its power to bribe and to corrupt, was nearly ready to get under way last summer when a decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, reinforcing one a year earlier, threw up a roadblock. The court decreed that to convict even a policy runner, physical contact must be proved, a stipulation which makes it doubly difficult to get at the real brains who operate at a distance, insulated by a screen of lawyer go-betweens. Still, investigators familiar with the case believe the evidence is so good that the legal attack could successfully be recast along different lines.

¶Just as vital and even more sweeping was a probe undertaken by the Southern regional office of Wessel's unit into a nation-wide bookmaking operation. Thousands of telephone call slips were examined and tolls were tracked down, a laborious process that ultimately pinpointed lay-off centers for the multi-billion-dollar bookmaking racket across the nation. The telephone network was found to link eight major cities, including Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles; and it was the hope of Wessel's special unit before it was disbanded that a conspiracy case might be developed that would jail the masterminds of this truly mammoth operation.

The significance of this unfinished business — and the overriding importance of the issue that it poses—become apparent when one realizes that the axing of the Wessel task force destroyed the agency with the best potential for prosecuting syndicated crime on a national basis. The Justice Department contends that the job can be done by its original crime and racketeering section; but if that is so, why was it necessary to set up the special Wessel squad in the first place? We have come, it would seem, full circle; and we are left with just what we had before—separate local, state and federal jurisdictions limited to specialties such as income-tax evasion, narcotics violations and the transporting of stolen cars across state lines. This is what Wessel calls "splintered" law enforcement, helpless to weave together the complex strands of national criminal conspiracies that know no boundaries.

THE APALACHIN case is a perfect illustration of the problem. On Nov. 14, 1957, a New York State trooper, Sergeant Edgar L. Croswell, spotted an unusual number of high-powered cars around the hilltop mansion of the late Joseph Barbara, Sr., in the rural community of Apalachin. Croswell set up a roadblock, and as soon as this was discovered, cars began to roar down the road and darting figures could be seen taking to the fields and brambles in frantic flight. The final roundup showed that sixty-three men had met at the Barbara manse. Most had long police records; a great number had been identified by authorities previously as Mafia members; several had attended similar crime conclaves in the past.

The reverberations of Apalachin were tremendous. Grand juries, state crime commissions, federal agencies broadcast subpoenas like snowflakes in a blizzard. Like a cancer cell, every participant at Apalachin was placed under the high-powered scrutiny of multiple microscopes. But the result at first was complete frustration. The Apalachin delegates either claimed the Fifth Amendment and refused to talk; or they talked and told, with various degrees of plausibility, essentially the same story—they'd heard that their old friend Joe Barbara was ill with heart trouble and they'd just dropped in to see him and were surprised to find that a lot of other men had had the same idea at precisely the same time.

In the white heat of the furor aroused, Attorney General Rogers

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

Khrushchev's disarmament plan is realistic and can be carried out, while 34 per cent are skeptical and the remaining 23 per cent undecided. On the independent issue of whether the plan ought to be tried, 61 per cent of those who have heard about it answer in the affirmative, only 13 per cent in the negative, and 26 per cent are undecided.

Though the American press seems far more inclined, compared to the press of other democratic NATO countries, to discourage intelligent criticism of basic cold-war premises, one wonders how a similar inquiry would come out in this country.

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announced the formation of a new group within the Justice Department. It was called the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. It was headed by Wessel, a short, stocky, energetic lawyer of thirty-five who gathered about him a young and enthusiastic staff, eager to go out and slay the dragon.

Dragon-slaying was, indeed, their proclaimed, official purpose. American crime, which went big-league on Prohibition millions, had roared unchecked for thirty years, bankrolled by literally billions of dollars from illicit liquor, policy, bookmaking, casino gambling, narcotics, and labor and industrial rackets of every kind. It had become a monster, bribing and corrupting until it undermined the official fabric of many cities and even of entire states; a secret of its strength was that it knew no boundaries and no restraints, and so could sneer at local jurisdictions. At Apalachin, delegates came from the East, the Midwest, California, Cuba and even, so it was reported, from Italy, where a couple of the boys had had recent contact with foreign syndicate leaders. To meet a challenge so sweeping, Wessel's group was to operate against syndicated crime on a broad national scale, correlating and putting to use every scrap of information that could be gathered from agencies everywhere.

This was the dream. It endured for some eleven months.

ON FEBRUARY 4, 1959, Wessel urged before a Congressional committee the establishment of a permanent Office on Syndicated Crime. He stressed the splintered nature of law enforcement; emphasized that nowhere in government does there exist any permanent body capable of unifying, and acting upon, the discoveries of thousands of local, state, federal and special law-enforcement agencies; and he detailed the structure and nature of the modern crime syndicate. He pointed out that crime is a well-organized big business; its management is often far removed from actual operations; it is insulated and protected by an organizational structure that operates on separate levels, with the links between the levels well hidden. Key figures in the hiding process are expert accountants and lawyers, who help to keep the men at the top from any easily traceable contact with the work of their underlings.

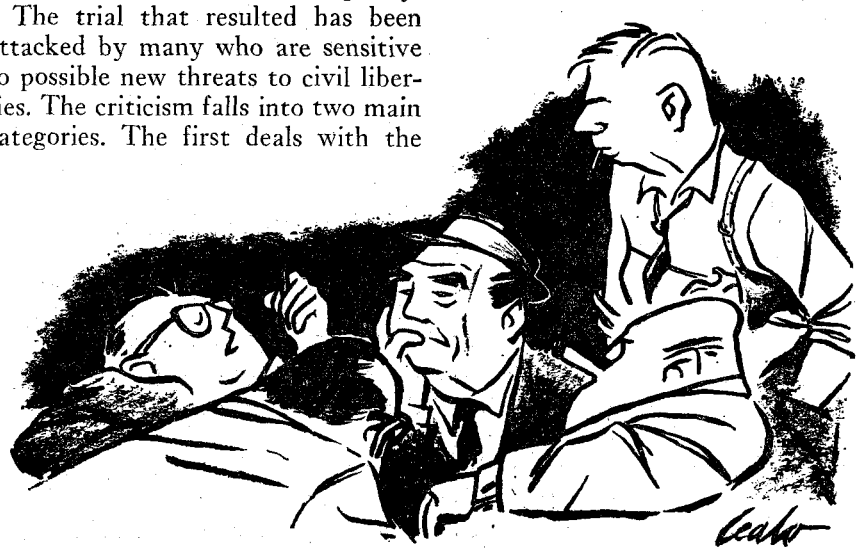
The only way to combat such well-organized criminal syndicates, Wessel felt, was to establish a permanent unit to serve as "a true catalytic agent . . . a nerve center or clearing house" for law-enforcement agencies across the country. The reaction of the Department of Justice to this idea came quickly. A month after his presentation, Wessel was informed that his special task force was to be broken up; and in April, in a move sugar-coated with praise for Wessel's work, the formal orders were issued. All that was left of the dragon-slayers of the previous year were Wessel and his own immediate staff. They continued on the job to attempt a prosecution of the Apalachin case along experimental lines that seemed to many older and wiser heads in the department to have little chance of success.

THE BASIS of the prosecution was the contention that the Apalachin delegates had joined in a conspiracy to thwart and obstruct justice. While no investigative agency had been able to get a definite account of the agenda at Apalachin, Wessel and his aides were convinced that conspiracy could be proved by exposing the stories told by the mobsters as concocted in common to conceal the truth. What the prosecution was doing, in effect, was to attack a conspiracy hatched to hide the purposes of the Apalachin meeting, which may itself have constituted a conspiracy.

The trial that resulted has been attacked by many who are sensitive to possible new threats to civil liberties. The criticism falls into two main categories. The first deals with the legal problems arising from Sergeant Croswell's impromptu roadblock. After all, no arrests were made at the time; Croswell preferred no charges against the defendants. Is it just, then, that information obtained from them without arrest, without the lodging of any formal charge, should be turned against them? The issue was thoroughly argued before the trial, and Judge Irving R. Kaufman issued a two-part ruling. He held that the prosecution could not make use of any documentary evidence (some of it quite significant) that had been found on the defendants. On the other hand, he took the position that police officers had a right to testify orally about what they had learned during the course of an investigation, even though no immediate charge had been filed. Otherwise, indeed, how could legal action ever result from lengthy, complicated investigations?

The second major issue in the civil-liberties area has been raised since the trial, but was never, significantly enough, argued by the defense itself at the time. This problem can best be expressed by a question: How can men be tried for conspiring when the government does not know the details of the conspiracy? What proof is there that there was a conspiracy? The patter about visiting a sick friend certainly sounds preposterous, but not even a gangster should be convicted on the *presumption* that he has told a preposterous story—only on *proof* that he has.

The answer to this objection is



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that the prosecution, in dealing with one after another of the twenty defendants, showed that they had lied and that each had agreed to back up the lies of the others in order to hide what really went on at Apalachin. This proof of oft-repeated perjuries was the essence of the government's case that here was a colossal conspiracy to obstruct justice.

A FEW examples may help to explain the whole.

John Montana, a businessman who once was designated Buffalo's "Man of the Year," had claimed his car broke down near Apalachin and he just "happened" to go to Barbara's home looking for help. But a maid in the Barbara household testified that she had heard Montana apologize to Barbara for being late.

Russell A. Bufalino, a power in the Pittston-Scranton area of Pennsylvania, said that, quite by accident, he had met another of the defendants, Frank A. DeSimone, in New York on Nov. 13, 1957. Bufalino said he had suggested to DeSimone that they take a ride out into the country the next day, and the ride just happened, by chance, to land them at Apalachin. It was not a plausible story, but it was a hard one to disprove until the government produced the register of a Scranton hotel which showed that Bufalino had been in Scranton, not New York, on Nov. 13. He had appeared personally at the hotel, as testified by a hotel clerk, and had made reservations for three Apalachin-bound cronies.

Another revealing sequence dealt with Dominic J. Alaimo, a power in the Pittston-Scranton labor field, named in the trial not as a defendant but as a co-conspirator. Alaimo, according to police, was in the first car to speed from the Barbara mansion after the roadblock was discovered. Sergeant Croswell, not yet decided on a course of action, let the car go but radioed its license number to a prowl car on the highway. There Alaimo was stopped. Later, in the roundup and questioning of others leaving the mansion, James Osticco told authorities that he had driven to Apalachin with Alaimo and Angelo J. Sciandra. At the time, this didn't seem like an important admission; it only became so when Alaimo, evidently figuring that he was in the clear because he hadn't been stopped at the roadblock, calmly denied that he had ever been at Apalachin. But after Alaimo and others involved came together at a New York hotel to await testifying in one of the Apalachin probes, the discrepancy in stories was eliminated. All now vowed that Alaimo had never been at Apalachin. The government contended that this sudden and uniform switch in testimony

—a switch that conflicted, moreover, with the detailed accounts of responsible police officers—obviously had been concocted as part of a conspiracy to thumb noses at the operations of justice.

So it went in case after case. The 6,000-page trial record seems to show clearly that this was a conviction based on hard-won evidence, not on any loose presumption of guilt drawn from the fact that men with unsavory backgrounds happened to be discovered consorting together. Indeed, there is abundant evidence that Wessel, in prosecuting the case, leaned over backwards to avoid any guilt-by-association or guilt-by-past-record taint.

BEFORE the trial, Wessel wrote all New York newspaper publishers asking that they avoid any sensational articles, any feature stories dealing with the defendants' pasts and records, and that they confine their coverage solely to the developments in the courtroom. A similar request was made of television and radio stations, and as a result some projected television programs, one scheduled over a nation-wide network, were postponed.

Equally revealing are the tactics followed by Wessel in the pre-trial maneuvering. He made available to the defense some 4,500 pages of proposed prosecution testimony. In one pre-trial document sealed by the court until after the legal battle was over, the prosecutor voluntarily limited the government's case in several important areas and even suggested to defense counsel what topics they should avoid in cross-examination to keep the criminal pasts of their clients from being brought to the attention of the jury. One of his stipulations dealt with the term "Mafia." The defendants had indicated they might contend that no such organization exists. Wessel told them bluntly: "Defendants are hereby advised that the investigation charged *did* establish the existence of an organized criminal conspiracy, the name of which is unimportant but is generally known as the 'Mafia,' and that the present indictment is an indictment of some persons belonging to that organization for their criminal conspiracy to obstruct and defeat law enforcement." However, he said, use of this evidence was not vital to the government's case, and he hoped to avoid all reference to the Mafia and all references to investigations, like narcotics investigations, in which some of his official witnesses had been involved when they uncovered some of the evidence to be used at the trial.

During the trial itself, government witnesses were cautioned not to be drawn, even during cross-examination, into any reference to the criminal pasts of the defendants; they were warned to refrain from mentioning sensational investigations, like the Albert Anastasia murder probe, during which some of the evidence that they were testifying to had been uncovered. The result was that, as far as the jury knew officially, most of the defendants might have been men with spotless backgrounds, absolute paragons of virtue.

All of this made for a trial much duller than it otherwise might have been. Sensation was lacking because

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sensation was so deliberately avoided, and this explains in part the relatively scanty treatment the trial was given in the press. And in the end, the incompleteness of the news coverage was undoubtedly responsible for the controversy that has since arisen over the civil-rights aspects of the case.

One widespread and erroneous impression is that the government is completely in the dark about the organization and purposes of the Apalachin parley. Actually, quite a bit is known about it. Apalachin was in reality a two-day convention, so planned that the major big shots would be at Barbara's mansion for only the briefest of periods on the second day. On Nov. 13, there was a large rally at Barbara's home, and on the same day there were peripheral gatherings of other mobsters, like Russell Bufalino's meeting with his three cohorts in Scranton. The groundwork for final decisions was apparently laid in these conferences, and the decisions themselves were to be made by the real czars of crime between the hours of noon and 1 P.M. on Nov. 14—the day the parley was broken up by the police. The tight time table is established by such hard evidence as airline arrival times and scheduled departures for that day; some of the top powers landed at noon and were due to leave by plane by 2 P.M. Piecing together such data, investigators concluded that the crime bosses who were to come, decide and leave quickly, included: Vito Genovese, often called the kingmaker of gangdom; Gerardo Cateno, who since Apalachin has fallen heir to the departed Longie Zwillman's New Jersey empire; Joseph Profaci, of Brooklyn, often described as "the olive oil king"; and Michele Miranda, a Long Island hood long known as a powerful Genovese henchman.

While all of the matters up for final decision at Apalachin are not known, government investigators feel positive that one of the most important decisions was to take this particular Mafia mob out of narcotics smuggling. Drastic new federal laws, the startling success of agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in cracking narcotics rings, and public revulsion against the racket were all factors believed to have been involved. (Incidentally, this was a decision of the top command that did not meet with universal favor; younger elements of the mob rebelled against it, and at least one murder has been carried out since Apalachin by the old order seeking to enforce its ban on narcotics trafficking.)

THIS, then, is the background of the Apalachin trial and the story of the greatest triumph of the short-lived Wessel unit. Most of the evidence that Wessel used in the eight-week trial was not new stuff dug up by his investigators; on the contrary, it had been available all the time, but so scattered from one end of the nation to the other as to be valueless until brought together. In a two-day sequence that established links between several of the defendants, Wessel called to the witness stand the police chief of Dallas, a police sergeant from Los Angeles, a detective from Cleveland and another police witness from Highland Park, N.J. Without a focusing agency like the Wessel group, many of these links might never have been forged.

When they were forged, the result was an ironclad case—how ironclad may be gathered from the fact that not one of the twenty defendants took the stand in his own defense and only two called any witnesses at all. Joe Profaci put one of his own attorneys on the stand to establish a technical point; and Montana, the Buffalo businessman, called a string of character witnesses. The effect was that the government's case stood uncontroverted; it is perhaps the only instance on record in which an entire squad of Mafia leaders were struck absolutely speechless when their turn came to proclaim their innocence. That fact in itself should argue powerfully for the virtues of Wessel's ardently advocated, but rejected, plan to create a permanent lawyer-investigator unit in the Justice Department to deal with the ever-growing intricacies of big-time, syndicated crime.

1960: Failure of Social Imagination . . *by James Reichley*

THE REMARKABLE ideological similarity among all of the serious candidates for the Presidency in 1960 has been noted in several learned quarters during recent months. Messrs. Nixon, Johnson and Kennedy, it has become clear, are jostling for the honor of being identified as the administrator best qualified to maintain the security of the existing Establishment. The latter two gentlemen do not say so in so many words, but their bids for the White House, like that of the Vice President, are based on the expectation that, if installed there, they will do like Ike, though possibly with slightly more dash.

Senator Humphrey has sought to present himself as a "candidate of issues," but whatever distinctions may exist between his program and those of his rivals have been thoroughly obscured beneath a mass of indecipherable verbiage. Senator Symington actually has developed two points of sharp disagreement with the *status quo*: he has placed himself on record in favor of a massive expansion of the war machine, and has contributed a plainly worded statement in favor of the distribution of birth-control instructions to the inhabitants of overpopulated foreign lands. The daring of these two expressions of dissent has failed,

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however, to shake the widespread conviction, among conservatives as well as liberals, that the concealed portion of the Symington iceberg is shaped in rocklike similarity to the dogmas of the Establishment.

This leaves Adlai Stevenson and, until a short while ago, Governor Rockefeller. Both have shown some disposition to take issue with the Eisenhower Administration at a number of doubtful salients, but the former has not yet become, as the latter has ceased to be, an actual candidate. The truth is, too, that both Stevenson and Rockefeller have brought cultivated criticism rather than fundamental dissent to bear on the assumptions of the President and his advisers.

THE IMMEDIATE reason for this singular lack of dissonance is, of course, not hard to find. Politicians are understandably reluctant to disagree with success, of which the Republican Administration just now is giving at least an unrivaled appearance. It is all very well to groan about inadequate national growth and to warn that the United States is slipping dangerously far behind the Soviet Union in the arms race: the facts are that, for the moment, the economy *is* booming and the tensions of the cold war *are* easing. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Democrats are following the lead of the Vice President in implying that they will do no more than jazz up slightly the formulas now in operation. It is not surprising, that is, unless one reflects that support for the Republican program is unlikely to result in Democratic victory at the polls. The Democratic candidates evidently count on the overwhelming majority of registered voters that their party now commands to offset this disadvantage. The fate of Governor Rockefeller, in any case, has no doubt been accepted as evidence of the reaction to be expected to any attempt to develop a line even mildly critical of prevailing policies.

The developing tendency toward unanimity in opinion among leading politicians in both parties during the last decade, however, has roots that go deeper than the current good fortune of the Administration. It is in part traceable to the cold war itself, which by its immense danger has made dissent seem a luxury perhaps no longer to be safely enjoyed in a nation even so strong and prosperous as the United States. "Don't rock the boat" has gained respectability as a slogan in the measure that the boat actually appears to be in some danger of sinking.

BEYOND this there seems to be a sort of drying up — perhaps only temporarily — of social imagination in America. The cranky academic plans for quick salvation, the radical blueprints for comprehensive reform, the evangelical solutions to all economic and social dilemmas are no longer very common. Most of the recent social theories produced in American academies have been designed to show that there has never been much genuine clash among ideologies in the United States, a conclusion which is probably as true for the postwar era as it is false for many earlier periods in our history.

Partly this drying up of the reform spirit, this contemporary lack of imaginative new solutions, is due to the fact that many of the needed reforms have already been made: certainly the New Deal eliminated some of the grosser evils of industrialism in this country. Partly, too, it is due to discouragement with the apparent inability of reform to make much permanent impact on some of the problems of our society. The bad

"Mind if I use the same text?"

effects of machine politics on state and municipal levels, for instance, have resisted the assaults of generations of reformers, and it seems simpler now to maintain that "the old-time machines are dead" than to attempt to displace their flourishing and thoroughly corrupt offspring.

Behind all of these explanations for the lack of current dissent lies an odd series of accommodations that have been worked out in American politics during the last thirty years. (At this point, it is necessary to define the special sense in which certain common terms are hereafter used. Thus, the term *democrat* is meant to apply broadly to persons seeking to achieve equality in the distribution of wealth; the term *progressives* includes all persons whose primary goal is the improvement of the *quality* of life available to citizens — i.e., civil rights and liberties, education, health, cultural standards, etc.; the term *conservative* denotes persons whose first consideration is the maintenance of the security of the Establishment.)

THE FIRST of the accommodations, made during the New Deal, was between democratic politicians and progressive technicians and publicists. During the thirties, the two groups had much in common. The progressives were willing to agree that quantitative prosperity for the masses must take precedence over qualitative problems like health, education, genuine suffrage, moral and cultural environment, international order, and even individual freedom. The products of the alliance were therefore gained chiefly in quantitative terms: wages, subsidies, progressive taxation, public works, protection for labor unions. The combination of votes supplied by the democrats and the brains supplied by the progressive technicians and publicists, was able for the first time in many years to overthrow the dominance of the conservative business community in the United States.

The conservatives, temporarily paralyzed by the depression, were not slow in reforming their lines and setting out to regain their lost eminence. Though in the past conservatives and progressives had often

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worked in harness (the Constitution, the Civil War victory, and the reforms of the progressive era were all achievements of such alignments), the events of the twenties and the thirties had led to deep estrangement between the two. In the late thirties, therefore, conservatives began to form new combinations with susceptible democrats in order to win their way back into power. From about 1938 onward, an alliance between conservatives and democrats held practical control over the legislative branch of the federal government, absolute command of most of the state and municipal governments, and gradually growing influence in the federal Executive.

Since that time, democrats have continued to extend their political dominance, and conservatives have settled ever more securely into their privileged positions in the social and economic hierarchies. Much as they did in the latter part of the nineteenth century, conservatives have used political patronage to buy off the democratic leadership; to a great extent, they have abdicated responsibility, while democrats, in turn, have consented to the *status quo*. It has been pointed out that in England since World War II conservatives have paid the price of the welfare state in return for their continuation as directors of the political system. In the United States, conservatives have preserved the economic system at the expense of allowing political control to fall into the hands of the democrats.

THE progressives, meanwhile, have clung blindly to the alliance with the democrats which won them such gratifying results during the New Deal. The fact that from the progressive point of view the results have slowed to a trickle during the last twenty years has seemed not to matter. Progressives in politics have grown "practical," "mature," "moderate." Those among them who were elected to Congress in the huge Democratic sweep of 1958 seemed willing enough to accept "Go along to get along" for their motto. "My first job is to get re-elected," said a Democratic freshman who was then being hailed as one of the most promising of the young liberals. The result has been a Congress rather more conservative than the Republican 80th that was elected in 1946.

Only two groups have seriously challenged the conservative-democrat coalition since the end of the war. One was the faction of conservatives that followed the leadership of Senator Taft, and later, in its more disreputable moments, accepted Senator McCarthy as a symbol. These intransigents, who scorned to bargain with the democrats, were without responsible leadership after the death of Taft in 1953, and were virtually exterminated at the polls in 1958.

The second group of dissidents has been a band of progressives who emerged from a number of municipal reform movements in the years immediately following World War II. Their most notable representatives on the national scene today are Senators Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania. Stressing the problems of urban expansion, this group of progressives has called attention to the indifference with which the conservative-democrat alliance has reacted to the revolutionary growth of the nation's metropolitan areas. But the group has been handicapped by the fact that Humphrey, its natural leader, has devoted much of his energy since becoming Senator to the task of building bridges between himself and other factions in the Democratic Party. Clark has proved less willing to compromise, but has not as yet made much dent in the power of the "go-along" Democratic leadership.

Under these circumstances, it would seem that conditions are ideal for the development of a progressive movement within the Republican Party, such as occurred at the beginning of the present century. The personnel for such a movement, however, appears to be lacking. The young Teddy Roosevelts, Lodges, LaFollettes, Borahs, Elihu Roots, Hiram Johnsons, Gifford Pinchots do not seem to be present today within the GOP. Governor Rockefeller might do as a leader, but the result of his recent drive on the Presidency does not indicate much current enthusiasm among Republicans for the progressive cause. This is due partly to the fact that few progressives are willing to work with the conservatives in the GOP. The overwhelming majority of liberals, particularly young liberals, remain convinced that only a strengthening of the existing alliance with the democrats can restore the nation to the path of social progress.

Since the democrats, meanwhile, have yielded the power of veto to the business community, progressives are in effect submitting to conservative dictation, as well as to democratic tastes and prejudices, while getting very little in return. The progressives' imagination, as a result, is subjected to bewildering frustration, in which friends behave strangely like foes and foes are found to be disconcertingly good-humored. Baffled, progressives have usually passed up evangelism in favor of the "first job" of getting re-elected.

THE PRODUCT of all this has been a new Era of Good Feeling among politicians, expansively liberal in rhetoric and unflinchingly conservative in practice. The candidates for the Presidency have come to sound so much alike that the electorate seems called upon to choose among them in much the same way that the owners of a modern corporation select a new chairman of the board—on the basis of character, experience, ability. It is only hypocrisy to suggest that a choice be made on the basis of "issues."

This unanimity is not likely to endure for very long. If the cold war continues to relax, it will begin to lose its power to maintain a coerced unity; if it should take a turn for the worse, it will force a divisive exploration for new strategies. Moreover, progressives surely will not suffer forever beneath the yoke of democratic politicians. This does not mean that progressives will, or should, become undemocratic. It does mean that within the foreseeable future, brains will begin to protest their role as tail to the kite of the party of numbers which long since has attached itself to the guiding hand of special privilege.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Canada Is Really There

CONTEMPORARY CANADA. By Miriam Chapin. Oxford University Press. 332 pp. $7.

Mark Gayn

FOR MOST Americans, Canada remains terra incognita. Among the few Columbuses to discover this domain are the United States oil, steel and lumber barons, from Murchison to Cyrus Eaton, the NORAD generals in Colorado, and a few politicians in Washington. But even the last of these can be pretty obtuse. Lionel Chevrier, one of the fathers of the St. Lawrence Seaway, recalls a visit he paid to President Eisenhower some years ago. After a look at the globe, the President turned to his guest and said: "You know, it seems ridiculous. We both speak the same language. We think alike. We behave the same. Don't you think you would be better off as the 49th state?" Chevrier finally decided it was a joke. But — as subsequent press reaction in Canada demonstrated — the joke was as offensive as it was puny.

There are many reasons for the general ignorance in the United States. Some of the fault probably lies with the press, which finds Canadian news dull. Some can be traced to the shortage of useful books. Thomas Costain's jazzed-up history, Mason Wade's studies of French Canada, Bruce Hutchison's chatty works are all satisfactory in their diverse ways. None of them, though, supplies what is needed the most — a careful and broad record of facts coupled with solid analysis.

The great void, it seems to me, has now been filled by Miriam Chapin's volume. For here one finds a rich collection of facts, supporting a body of interpretation and enlivened by wit and an inner warmth. The reason for the warmth is that Miss Chapin, a Vermonter by birth and loyalty, has been romancing with Canada ever since 1932, when she first settled in Montreal. Since then, she has covered Quebec's doings for the *Christian Science Monitor*, written two useful little regional books, and contributed to *The Nation* and other magazines. *Contemporary Canada* is her major work — a survey, a distillation of everything she has thought, and, decidedly, a labor of love.

THE FACTS are all in this book — the lay of the land and the history, the people and the crops, the government, the unions, the free-wheeling U.S. investor, the parties (which combine the U.S. and U.K. political patterns, and sometimes infuse them with Biblical tones), the bosses and the war of the sexes. (For a typical Chapinesque touch consider this about the busy, ugly and Slav-manned nickel city of Sudbury: "This barren-looking place is said to be the best market for pianos in Canada. The mark of the new-world citizen is the pigtailed little daughter practicing her scales in the parlor. Czerny comes into his own where the Slavic peoples bring their heritage of music.")

But once the detail is set down, Miss Chapin turns to a thoughtful look at the trends, portents and moods at play. The two prime issues before Canada, she feels, are the division of the nation into its French- and English-speaking parts, and the steadily growing erosion of its independence.

One-third of Canada speaks French, two-thirds speak English. Between the two there is a chasm, not of language alone, but of culture, religion and of suspicion carefully nurtured by the politicians of Quebec. In Montreal, a professor will talk bitterly of "The Conquest," and if the *habitant* of the Quebec small town cannot put it as articulately, he is just as vehement in speaking of *les Anglais*. No American state battles federal encroachment one-tenth as fiercely as does French and clerical Quebec. As a result, its universities go ragged rather than accept federal grants; the province is the only hold-out in the national hospitalization scheme; and the involved haggling over the division of the tax dollar takes on aspects of medieval ferocity.

Yet, Miss Chapin argues, no matter what the Quebec nationalists say, the province is part of Canada, economically, if not yet politically and culturally. And that, too, must come, with the powerful pulls exerted by TV, the flight of youngsters to the cities, the growth of the unions, the spread of literacy.

The other vital problem is that of Canada's relations with her great neighbor. The attitude here is "compounded of admiration and distrust, jealousy of success and doubt of its permanence, uneasiness about being dragged into war or economic disaster by some unconsidered move, and unwillingness to be swallowed up in a wave of industrial expansion. . . . By arousing resentment, the United States tends to unite Canadian feeling. . . ."

THE undercurrent of anti-American feeling is always there, and it is constantly refueled by such episodes as the attacks on Lester Pearson and Ambassador E. Herbert Norman (who killed himself), by trade restrictions, by U.S. ignorance of things Canadian and, perhaps, by a sense of inferiority. There are good reasons for the last. Canada sells 60 per cent of her exports to the United States, and buys 75 per cent of her imports there. This produces a dangerous dependence upon the U.S. trade winds. Moreover, U.S. capital controls a huge area of Canadian economy — from more than half of the pulp and paper industry to almost 100 per cent of the auto-making. Royal commissions issue regretful reports, the press writes angry editorials, a banker here and there urges the nation to use less American money — and the American hold tightens. What makes this especially unpalatable for the Canadians is that the Americans concentrate on the primary industries — iron, lumber, oil — thus dooming Canada to the permanent role of a hewer of wood. There are, of course, no easy solutions to these problems, for to halt the flow of U.S. billions is to slow the fabulous Canadian growth.

Miss Chapin, however, does champion a view that has many adherents in Canada. She urges a thaw in the cold war: "So long as Canada fears the USSR, so long as, being a small nation, it must depend on the U.S. for defense . . . , just so long must it submit its air force to American command, must receive American military, air and naval bases on its soil, and must bow to American direction — it cannot be free. If the terror were lifted, then the ties between the two nations could be loosened to let Canada stand as independently as any nation can in our day. No one in his senses wants them to be cut. But Canada should be able to make its own decisions. . . ."

All in all, an informative, thoughtful, well-written and witty book.

MARK GAYN is an editorial writer and columnist for the Toronto Star, Canada's largest daily.

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Anti-Artist or Prophet?

MARCEL DUCHAMP. By Robert Lebel. Grove Press. 192 pp., illustrated. $15.

Matthew Josephson

AS LONG ago as the early twenties, when we were desperate young (aesthetic) nihilists in Paris and New York, Marcel Duchamp was already becoming enwreathed in legends. In our advanced circle he was regarded as the man who had put the modern into modern art; he was one of our favorite *artistes maudits*. The normal precondition for such mythopoesis is that the hero-figure should have the good taste to die young, like Rimbaud, Seurat, or Alfred Jarry; or that he should vanish into some exotic land. Duchamp did neither — he persisted in living on in a style that is both original and elegant.

That he had been one of the most highly endowed painters of the prewar period was generally understood. But, at the very season of his international triumphs, in 1912-1913, when his "cubo-futurist" canvases were being exhibited to a huge public, he had stopped producing pictorial works, so far as anyone knew. Thereafter, when one saw him occasionally in what used to be called the high-Bohemian society of Paris or New York, he would be reticent about his activities to the point of mystification. Was he working on some Unknown Masterpiece needing decades of labor? Or was he doing nothing, eccentrically, in the way of a Baudelairean "dandy"? All that we heard was that he occasionally offered for public exhibition certain artifacts, objects of common use such as one could order through the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, objects which he solemnly signed and declared to be beautiful and "modern." These actions, like the shock-tactics of the Dadas, outraged respectable art lovers. Nevertheless Duchamp's influence continued to permeate advanced groups, by whom his least sayings, puns, "readymade" artifacts and hoaxes were carefully preserved. Periodically, André Breton, the redoubtable chief of the Surrealists, would proclaim that Duchamp was "the most intelligent" and "the most disturbing man" of his era. More conservative commentators singled him out as the great anti-artist who renounced and ridiculed the basic media of art.

The alleged anti-artist chose to live most of his later life in America, perhaps as a more favoring environment for his nefarious purposes of overturning everyone's preconceived notions about the fine arts. Thus his iconoclastic ideas have exerted a subversive influence for many years on both sides of the Atlantic. In this country, the rejuvenated movement of non-figurative artists looks on him as one of the pathfinders leading the way to "action" painting. There is, indeed, a striking resemblance between many of Duchamp's ideas, as originated in 1912, and the statements recently made by Pollock, Motherwell, Gottlieb, et al., about their program for liberating art from the model, the object, the paintbrush, and even the poor old public.

THE literature about Duchamp has been rather sparse and unilluminating, save for some spirited essays by Breton. Now, with Robert Lebel's comprehensive and finely illustrated volume, having 129 plates in monochrome and color and a wealth of biographical detail, this enigmatic and disturbing man comes more clearly into view. Lebel's study seeks, in the spirit of the master, to be at once informative and entertaining. It is plain that the biographer-critic is somewhat overawed by the famous charm and wit of his subject. He might, as he hints, have presented Duchamp as a successful neurotic who, suffering from a sense of "separation from the world," broke with traditional forms of art in order to destroy them. Instead, Lebel has been reverent and has preserved the legends that make Duchamp a sort of Magian figure of modern times.

He was born near Rouen seventy-two years ago; his was a cultivated bourgeois family, four of its six children becoming artists, and two of Marcel's brothers — Raymond Duchamp-Villon and Jacques Villon — winning renown in their own right. In such a clan of sharp-witted Normans one had to be either very clever or very outrageous to gain attention; Marcel could be both. At twenty-one he had completed his education at the *lycée*, finished with art school in Paris, and begun to paint acceptably in Post-Impressionist style. Then, toward 1910, came his momentous encounter with the newly arisen Cubists, headed by the young Picasso.

That prewar decade of fifty years

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, biographer and social historian, was editor of Broom *and American editor of* Transition. *He has written biographies of Zola, Rousseau, Hugo and Stendhal. His latest book is* Edison (*McGraw-Hill; see* The Nation, *November 7, 1959*).

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ago, like our mid-century period, was filled with the excitement of sweeping change in the knowledge of science and technology. Even the artists were becoming "scientific"; the Cubists felt themselves daring explorers of the unknown, engaged in aesthetic experiments never tried before. The question of volume and the geometric analysis of objects concerned them most of all, and they undertook to dissect and decompose everything into planes, cylinders and cubes.

Duchamp, very much the amateur of science, threw over the pictorial formulae used by his contemporaries, and centered his attention on the problem of dynamics, of depicting energy and movement. Within a year or so he had executed several canvases that went beyond anything achieved by the Cubists. Although he used multiple perspectives and other Cubist devices, he managed to give an abstract representation of the movement of the subject within the picture, rather than that of the painter around the subject. In one of his typical canvases of that period, *Sad Young Man in a Train* — whose title seems autobiographical—the several static postures of that abstract young man suggest the jolting movement of the train itself, furnishing an imaginary creation of its movement. Moreover, by juggling with light effects and displacing volumes within the contours of bodies, Duchamp gave the objects in his canvas the illusion of interpenetrating one another in an ambiguous kind of space. Duchamp, it was confidently asserted, had "introduced the Fourth Dimension" into art.

At twenty-five Duchamp was considered so disturbing — was he not leading art to some point of no return? — that even his fellow-artists urged that his pictures be withdrawn from official showings of the Cubist group. They were shown independently, however; and soon appeared with the works of the other French Cubists and Fauves at the first great exhibition of modern art held in America, the Armory Show of 1913 in New York. Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* aroused more curiosity, bewilderment and anger than anything else there shown. About 100,000 Americans came to behold his invisible nude, and the show became an international scandal.

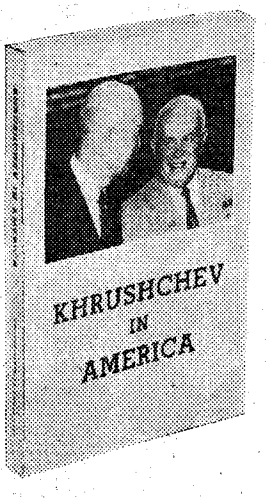
Guillaume Apollinaire, the fervid oracle of the artistic modernists, ventured in 1913 the strange prophecy that, because of his anti-aesthetic spirit and his concern with dynamics, Duchamp might be destined one day "to reconcile Art and the People." Nothing seemed less likely for so esoteric a man. On the other hand, his ideas were to win over crowds of young artists by the 1940s.

IN FRANCE, though an artist may have blasphemed the bourgeois, it is his usual lot, after some years, to gain their acceptance and end up in the national Pantheon. Soon the once daring Cubists were painting tasteful still lifes and guitars, were becoming tame lions, and aesthetic at that. It was to escape this dire fate that Duchamp is supposed to have sought "solitude" in New York, where he devoted himself mainly to chess, mathematics, word-games and the invention of non-operational machines and "readymades." At the time he described himself simply as "an unfrocked artist."

From 1915 to 1923 he also worked intermittently at a large "glass picture," executed in oil and lead wire, and entitled *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even.*" It resembles an old-fashioned restaurant window, but has, in place of the usual advertisements of food, an organization of mechanistic and erotic imageries — the "bride-machine" and the "bachelor-machines" are caught in a momentous interaction — whose composition and color were determined by "the laws of chance." They were communicated to the artist by the settling of dust, or by his shooting matchsticks at the glass with a toy cannon, as he reveals in a series of fragmentary, mystifying notes written while meditating this work (and published in facsimile in 1934). Various attempts at analysis have suggested that this hermetic work, Duchamp's *Unfinished Symphony*, is an amalgam of modern myths and chimeras. One is forcibly reminded of Henry Adams's hallucinations about the Virgin and the Dynamo.

THE typical products of Duchamp's later years, however, are his "readymades," chosen from the *disjecta membra* of our mechanical culture. Old gunnysacks, coat-hangers, bottle-racks and weathervanes were good enough for his purposes, and were kept hanging from the ceiling of his studio in New York. On being invited in 1917 to exhibit at the Independent Artists' show, he selected a cast-off urinal, inverted it, signed it "J. Mutt," and submitted it as a piece of sculpture entitled "The Fountain." Earlier there was his bicycle wheel mounted on a kitchen stool, and presented as mobile sculpture, the pleasures of which spectators could participate in by giving the wheel a turn. Attaching a pair of mustaches and a beard to a cheap lithograph of the *Mona Lisa*, he signed it and offered it for exhibition as an art object. Like the writings of the Dadas, Duchamp's "readymades" communicated the humor of the absurd. At the same time, they constituted an impassioned protest against old aesthetic fashions and traditional practices which tended to glorify only the hand of the artist.

The "Dada conspiracy" is now viewed as a reaction to the horror and despair evoked in men during the years of World War I. It proposed by destructive action to wipe the slate of old social conventions and cultural traditions. The Dadas employed shock methods, or sought to arouse feelings of dis-



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gust, and invented a kind af dismal jesting or "black humor" in which Duchamp excelled.

The generation that arose from World War II has known a similar passion to destroy old forms and push on toward unknown frontiers. To the American "action" painters of today, Duchamp is no enemy of art, but a far-sighted precursor. Fifty years ago he kept saying that the art of the Schools and the fashionable Salons had got too far away from the actual dynamic life around us. His spirit of corrosive irony has led Sir Herbert Read and Albert Camus to rank him with the destroyers of civilization. However, Duchamp and the Dadas, in their own estimation, were not anti-art; they were attacking what was only supposed to be art.

The ideas of Duchamp, and others who were of his mold, took root slowly. The whole domain of art has been widened immeasurably. The new breed of non-figurative or "action" painters uses an immense variety of material for its art, and uses it with unparalleled freedom. Even the metallic automobile graveyards are not safe from them. The new freedoms will undoubtedly raise up new dangers and more clichés — but that is a challenge best left to the artists and historians of the future.

Quixote Slept Here

THROUGH SPAIN WITH DON QUIXOTE. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Alfred A. Knopf. 279 pp. $5.

Jane Stolle

THE LINE between fiction and nonfiction is so blurred in the case of Don Quixote that young readers, encountering the Knight of the Rueful Figure for the first time, must be hard put to decide whether they are dealing with fact or fancy. Almost 300 years after Don Quixote's "death," the ninth edition of Richard Ford's classic and delightful *Handbook for Travellers in Spain* (published 1898) contains this authoritative passage: "ARGAMASILLA DE ALBA. The village was the birthplace of Don Quixote. The prison in which the earlier chapters of his life were written stands in the Calle Cervantes, and is shown to strangers. The church contains several portraits of the Don, his family, and the Licentiate."

Rupert Croft-Cooke, in his *Through Spain with Don Quixote,* does nothing to dispel the illusion. As he follows the trail of Don Quixote on his three sallies from Argamasilla through the barren, rock-strewn plains of La Mancha and the rugged Sierra Morena to gay Barcelona and back to Argamasilla where, forced by a well-meaning friend to face facts, the Knight died — "unable to bear the melancholy burden of sanity," as the Spanish scholar Salvador de Madariaga writes — Croft-Cooke talks with the flesh-and-blood "descendants" of the Knight and his Squire. He is directed by a gnarled farmer to the site of the inn where Don Quixote stayed the first night — now a farmhouse but still called the Venta de Quesada. The second inn, where Sancho was tossed in a blanket and Don Quixote beheaded the giant by cutting a wine-skin in two, is now rubble. The author gets into heated discussions with local Cervantes savants as to the location of Don Quixote's windmill. He camps near a farm called Granja de Dulcinea. He traverses, at midnight, the cobble-stoned road by which Don Quixote entered El Toboso, and, as in the sixteenth century, "A profound Silence reign'd over all the Town, and all the Inhabitants were fast asleep, and stretch'd out at their Ease."

ONE wonders how it is possible, in sad and dictator-driven Spain, to enjoy oneself as lightheartedly as Croft-Cooke does, camping on the trail of the nonexistent knight. Perhaps, with his eyes fixed on Rosinante's hoof-marks, he missed Franco's giant footprints on the backward, wooden-plowed countryside. When he finally does take note — half way through the book — it is to repeat the conversation of a farmer who parrots the repetitive clichés of the government: The Reds (the Spanish Republicans) were to blame for the Civil War, for the burning of churches, for all death and destruction and atrocities. But the farmer also sounds a warning for those who think Franco has resolved the economic and political problems which led to the Civil War, that he has even attempted to heal the jagged wound through the heart of a people inflicted by a war in which they fought their brothers. "You think it is peaceful, you think all that is forgotten? Some of us will never forget. Yes, yes, I agree. It should be forgotten now, whatever it was. But how can it be?"

Croft-Cooke might have suggested that Franco could help dull memory by putting an end to annual victory parades, doing away with courts-martial in which former Republicans are charged with "war crimes" committed twenty

JANE STOLLE, who is The Nation's *U. N. correspondent, lived and worked in Spain from 1951 to 1956.*

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years ago, releasing the remaining political prisoners, initiating healing social reforms.

However, Croft-Cooke was not on a journalist's journey, but a sentimental one and, as such, it is a delightful junket for author and reader alike. The back roads of Spain have changed little in 300 years; nor, in essence, have the people. Tourists who ply the Madrid-Toledo-Seville-Granada route miss the soul of Spain which is as earthy, as gentle, as ribald, as somber — in a word, as quixotic — as it was in the days of the Errant Knight.

ART

Fairfield Porter

A SAMPLING of the art of Giacometti is on view at the World House Galleries. It expresses artistically the extra-artistic statement that there can be a view of the world and man's place in it. That is what one would expect of religious art. But religious artists today are seldom as serious as Giacometti. Religious art much too frequently illustrates religion archaistically. Rouault, who is a Catholic, uses conventions recalling stained glass windows. Religious sculptors like to go in for Gothic elongation, as if a starved look infallibly stood for spirituality. In such cases the religious artist, through his sentimentality, patronizes religion; he makes religion belong to a romantic view of the past. Or when he tries too hard to give religion contemporary validity by the device of clothing his saints in overalls, the effect is often ludicrous, like a minister telling heavy jokes. It makes excellent anti-clerical, even atheistic, propaganda. On the other hand, by using modern art forms, the artist patronizes art, as though art were chiefly a matter of fashion.

In addition to religious art, as a way of placing man in the world, there is art as sociology. In order to be as objective as a scientist, the sociologist puts himself outside the world; if he is an artist, he treats art as though it were raw material for a factory that produces a commodity called understanding.

I know nothing about Giacometti's beliefs; I do not know whether he belongs to a church, or if he is agnostic. But his paintings and sculpture show an overriding concern with placement. This is a modern concern, one of the practical aesthetic concerns of artists since Cézanne. However, it is usually relative and ungrounded — the painting can go any side up. Giacometti's concern is to place the relationship of man and landscape with the ground. And he further considers man and everything else as having a dual relationship to the environment as a link between the earth and infinity. His standing figures have enormous feet, and they taper somewhat, thinly upward, to a very small head that seems ever so far away. He expresses sculptural volume in planes vertical to each other: a head mostly in profile is placed at right angles to shoulders expressed mostly in breadth. If the figure is female, the breasts are again in profile parallel to the head and vertical to the shoulders. The stance is an awkward flow, like a much extended African idol. And the texture is rough and complex. The thinness makes the volume of the figure secondary to the volume of infinite space: the figure places infinity as much as it places itself. Infinity, in short, has the single limit of its beginning; it is actual, it exists, and one can experience it, in the way one experiences the sea by looking at it from the beach. The roughness of the modeling can be thought of as the beating anything takes in an assertion of its existence against the vastness of the universe. It is its dignity, its payment for existence against the weight of indifferent adversity. The complications of the surface are, as it were, the scars of battles of limited assertion. They make shape a very serious thing.

AS Giacometti expresses volume by planes, so in paintings and drawings he expresses space by linear co-ordinates. His drawings are full of parallel lines that reinforce position. The pencil drawing of a woman stooping over in her chair (perhaps she is sewing) between two tables and in front of a window with its repetitive and partly erased lines makes physical existence and spiritual existence (where a thing is and what it is), its displacement and its position, its relation to the horizontal and to the vertical — it makes all these things inseparable, as mind is inseparable from body. The lines of the window sill partly continue across her shoulders and across the chair-back, and are erased in the gap between her back and the chair, where in nature one could see them. This says that the reality of their behindness (expressed as if she were transparent) is greater than the reality of their appearance to one side. To the side, the erasure of these lines between her back and the chair makes this space, which is in front of the window, more real than the window.

Giacometti's paintings are full of lines that connect. These, however, are not decided in advance, but organically ar-

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rived at. The eaves of the house connect with the slope of the mountain across the valley floor. Giacometti expresses the large by the small; he expresses volume by planes, and planes by lines. He expresses the vast in concentrations, and space by direction. Horizontality and verticality are not about the plane of the canvas, but about the horizontality of the ground, against which existence is vertical, or defined in co-ordinates. When he paints or draws a head, he places it below the middle of the paper or canvas, because he never forgets the space around, but chiefly not the space above.

Of all artists living today, Giacometti has perhaps the most profound imagination. As his figures, in their relation to all of space, place the beginning of endlessness, and as his interiors and landscapes take their measure and position from the small things they contain, so for him art itself is placed in the world, and by graphic compression does itself place the world.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE THIRD and final concert in the series by Columbia Records, featuring the person and music of Igor Stravinsky, proved to be an entirely happy affair, despite the fact that it ended with another of those mortuary references which had been sprinkled through the opening program. As it happened, the J. S. Bach Funeral-Ode, *Lass Fürstin, Lass Noch einen Strahl,* contains some of the happiest, most Italianate music I have ever heard from the workshop of that composer. I can't imagine what stimulated him to provide this kind of music for a memorial service, but it is lovely and anything but dispiriting. Robert Craft gave it a good performance.

The important item on this last Town Hall concert was the world première of Stravinsky's *Movements for Piano and Orchestra* (1958-1959), conducted by the composer and with Margrit Weber as pianist. In the program notes for the work, Stravinsky made both a number of fascinating biographical assertions and a few almost impenetrable technical comments. Among them, I found the following especially stimulating, particularly in view of the type of music the *Movements* turned out to be:

> This new work is the most advanced, from the point of view of construction, of anything I have ever composed. . . . Perhaps the most significant aspect of my new work is its "anti-tonality." I am amazed at this myself, in view of the fact that in *Threni,* triadic references occur in every bar. . . . Every aspect of the composition of the *Movements* was guided by the forms of the series—the sixes, the quadrilaterals, the triangles, etc. . . . The *Movements* have made me see that I am becoming not less but more of a serial composer. Those young composers who already claim to have gone beyond, to have exhausted, serialism are, I think, making a great mistake.

And finally, in a remark almost, but not quite, incomprehensible, Stravinsky wrote:

> The fifth movement (which I rewrote twice) uses a construction of twelve "verticals"; the listener has to get down and look up through the series, so to speak. The *gamma* and *delta* hexachords are more important here than the A and B. And, five orders are rotated instead of four, with six alternates for each of the five, while at the same time, I see the six in all directions, as though through a crystal.

So be it! I include this sample of musical numerology, not because I think the reader will find it any clearer than I do, but to illustrate the intellectual and technical complications which abound in the serial method of composing, and which are obviously a prime fascination to Stravinsky's mind at this moment. A paradoxical aspect of all this is that, whereas Stravinsky has through his entire career firmly led a portion of the *avant-garde* by means of the intelligent, non-systematized products of his genius, in this latest period, despite the fact that he has adopted some of the most "advanced" composing methods in existence, he seems to be falling behind, to be treading in other people's footsteps. *Movements for Piano and Orchestra* seemed to me, unequivocally, a good piece; and so it seemed to almost everybody else. But I missed the Stravinsky of old, whose every composition broke some kind of new aesthetic ground and pricked the ears into life. *Movements* could be judged good, so easily and universally, only because its basic idiom and message were already familiar. Essentially, it said nothing which has not been said just as well by others. It was an odd experience to hear the première of a Stravinsky work which sounded slightly old hat.

It is possible, of course, that the composer has uncovered new technical pos-

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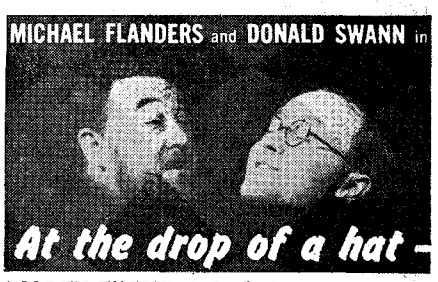

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sibilities within the serial method of composition. If so, the exceedingly vocal and well-organized contingent of American dodecaphonists will soon let us know. Word will come from Princeton. But the proof of a pudding is still in its flavor, not in chemical analysis. I have a strong impression that Stravinsky's latest *oeuvre,* though tasty, has been on the market for some time under other trade-marks.

The remainder of the program, conducted by Robert Craft, comprised Heinrich Schütz's *Es ging ein Sämann aus zu Säen seinen Samen* (1650), for a quartet of solo voices, chorus and instruments; three works of Gesualdo and one by Monteverdi, dating from between 1603 and 1620. All of them were lovely music. Mr. Craft is not a very interesting conductor, but he did a workmanlike job on both the Schütz work and the Bach Cantata, mentioned above. With the *a cappella* vocal works, he ran into difficulties which I would blame on the singers were it not that vocalists of such quality do not, under other conductors, make the major mistakes in intonation and rhythm which marred this occasion. There were moments when the proceedings seemed headed for absolute disaster. And that can be blamed only on a conductor. He is the man in charge, both before and during the concert.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

A YEAR or so ago, a successful Frankfurt trollop added financial espionage to her regular work and, underestimating the passions of big money, got killed for her enterprise. This affair, soiling some important names in the overfed, rehabilitated Reich, was a lip-smacking scandal. It provided the theme for an opportunistic little novel which was subsequently made into a movie, and that movie is now on view here.

Rosemary, thus, is two removes from reality, and looks it. The action moves stiffly on entirely visible strings and the performers signal their satiric intent with flat-footed earnestness and a dolorous absence of wit. A Teutonic respect for thoroughness dictates that every telling jest be repeated at least three times, and the sour-jaunty background music drives home the point that there is no one like Kurt Weill.

Yet, for all the solemn lack of talent, it is heartening that the Germans have been queuing up to see this picture. What it says, in its lumbering way, is that the Germany of George Grosz is back in the saddle again. This is America's cold war Germany, and the really biting joke is that a German film should rub our noses in the mess.

Status note: the seven or eight nouveau-financiers who comprise Rosemary's most lucrative customers wear identical black homburgs, carry identical brief-cases and drive identical Mercedes sedans. Americans who have seized on this car as a genteel device for informing the neighbors that business is good, may thus learn that it is an object of mockery in its home country.

THE FULL-LENGTH *Swan Lake*, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet, is less a screen version of Tschaikowsky's great work than it is a film about how much the Russians love this reliable classic. It was filmed in the Bolshoi Theatre during what purports to be a public performance. Cameras were placed at vantage points in the auditorium and backstage and were used more to show off the sumptuous occasion than to record the performance. So much is this so that midway in any corps de ballet passage the viewer's position is apt to shift abruptly from a good balcony seat to a point upstage of the dancers, and at almost every moment of climax the cameras desert the action to register the rapturous faces of the audience. The effect recalls the frustrations of those prize fight newsreels which are forced by law to cut before a blow is landed. This picture boasts in the way that Khrushchev boasts—it is an appealingly naive trait, perhaps, but it is also tiresome.

I am not competent to discuss the quality of the Bolshoi company in any technical detail (even supposing that I had been able to see it without the distractions of cultural propaganda). It looks to me enormously competent, lavishly endowed with talent and money and at least a generation behind the times in the evolution of stage taste. This is a "gorgeous" *Swan Lake*; it calls for toasts in pink champagne.

Maya Plisetskaya, the ballerina of the occasion, makes it clear that the rigors of this very demanding choreography are child's play to her brilliantly trained body. She could, I would suppose, race the high hurdles with similar contempt for the obstacles in her path. She is superb, but I am not sure that she is good. The whole company made me feel that it was ready and eager to take on any other ballet group in the world in a *Swan Lake* contest.

N. Y. Provincial

1.
Tucson, Arizona

It's a desert.
It's a desert.
It's a desert.
And it's *in* a desert.

2.
Hammond, Indiana

Horrible Hammond, Indiana,
More horrible than Passaic, New Jersey,
I pity you your hateful landscape,
I pity you your hideous houses,
I pity you your hamstrung inhabitants,
Dreadful Hammond, Indiana.

3.
New York, New York

James Durante said it:
It's da heartada woild!

M. RIDDLE

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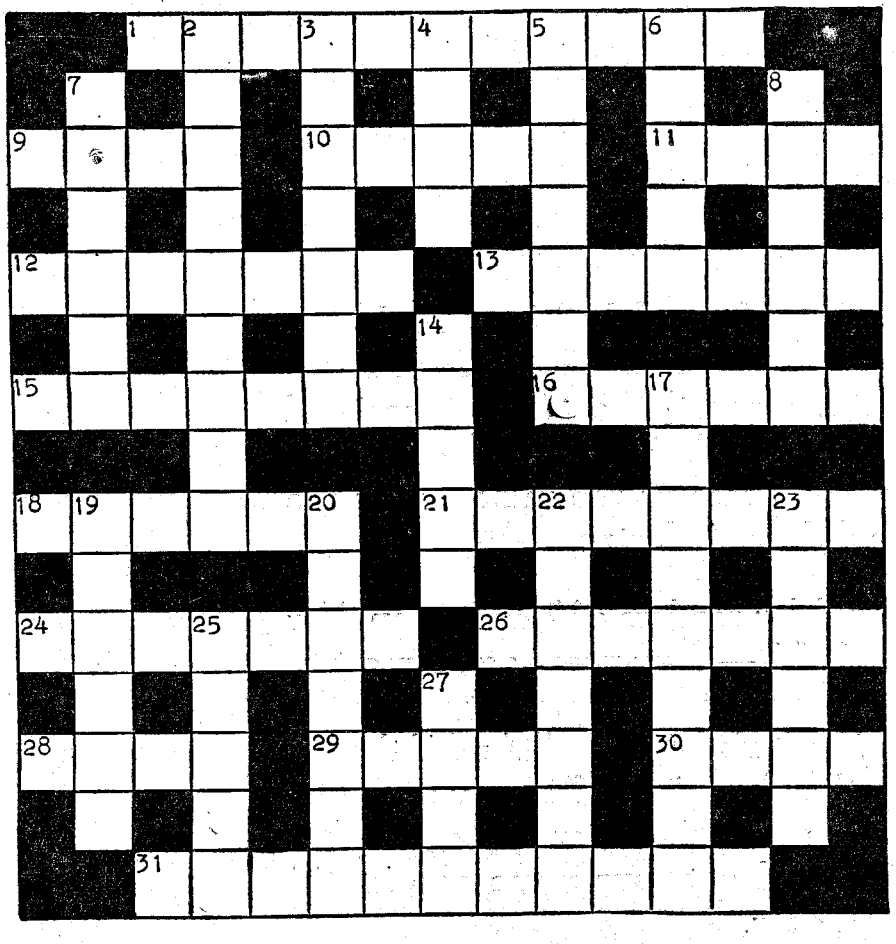
Crossword Puzzle No. 853

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 You put your name down, if I am unable to be important. (11)
9 and 10 Show approval for meals on the side? (9)
11 See 7 down
12 Little sally port out of which the troop is assembled. (7)
13 A little heroine is no great shakes at ducking. (7)
15 The first of 23, in the past. (8)
16 In Germany, I could be surrounded by things of wealth. (6)
18 The health of one who is paid to pose? (6)
21 Does one break the rule concern-the guard? (8)
24 See 7 down
26 Supposedly human to cook a mixture of the last of the animal in it. (7)
28 See 20 down
29 A die usage unwise with the last word, perhaps. (5)
30 The only thing she didn't lose was her voice. (4)
31 Witness the fact one of these has made his mark in the world! (11)

DOWN:

2 I am, through what I owe, rather like Nero! (9)
3 Like Laplace's hypothesis. (7)
4 The way one might sanction a little mode of travel? (4)
5 It takes a heel to prove a body this way! (7)
6 The habits of such posers are not evident. (5)
7, 11, 23 and 24 Should be an unnecessary warning to the offspring of Carnivora. (6, 4, 3, 3, 7)
8 Certainly not the first number, but the half-size type at heart! (6)
14 Suggests a temporary expedient to round out your store of old wine! (2, 3)
17 A sort of a sort of diary mop, more than several feet long. (9)
19 Right thinking concerning a branch of the family tree. (6)
20 and 28 He's supposed to come along in the operetta. (3, 3, 1, 4)
22 H_2O as an example. (7)
23 See 7 down
25 Relieve a worker of what might be cast? (5)
27 Not heavy punishment. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 852

ACROSS: 9 Stargaze; 10 Notion; 11 Dictate; 12 Drifted; 14 Leader; 17 Playable; 20 Report; 24 and 8 A View of Toledo; 26 Sonata; 27 Pondered; 28 Netherlands. DOWN: 2, 22 and 15 Here today and gone tomorrow; 3 Quarter; 4 Eyed; 5 Tantrum; 6 and 1 Out of the question; 13 and 7 Steel strike; 6 Reprehend; 18 Landon; 19 Beneath; 20 Ravenna; 21 Roofed; 23 Grace; 25 Spur.

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When Is Truth?

"Ex-Officers in Defense Jobs Listed by House Group," reads a headline in **The New York Times** of January 18. And beneath there is an Associated Press listing of sundry admirals and generals who have discarded the brass of the military for the gold of private defense industry.

This is old stuff for readers of **The Nation.** For on January 21, 1956 — four years ago almost to the day — we ran precisely such a list under the title "Generals Don't Fade Away." And if the list distributed by the Associated Press was somewhat longer than ours, it simply goes to prove that the trend we pointed out four years ago is still operating in high gear.

For **The Nation** reader, truth almost always comes a little earlier.

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